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A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. RUSSELL LOVE

The University of Alberta today mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished and well beloved daughters, in the recent death of Mrs. Russell Love, formerly Miss Katie McCrimmon. As an undergraduate her life was bound up in every student activity, for as Wauneita chief, as president of the Students' Union or as a gay principal in the musical fantasy "Psyche," she gave of her boundless energy and resource and radiated gentleness of character in a way given to few. To say that she was a favorite of her class-mates is to say the very obvious; but she was more. She was an inspiration to her friends and an ideal to the undergraduates; her gay wit was forever bubbling over and scattering dull care for those around her; her gentle sympathy was never-failing.

After she was graduated from the University in 1917 her qualities of leadership found even larger fields, and as Girls' Work Secretary, first of the Edmonton district and then of the entire province, her purposeful life widened its influence. There must be few girls in the province who did not come directly or indirectly under that inspiring influence. Further honours were added to her when last year she was elected to the Senate of her Alma Mater, and was the first alumna to receive the distinction.

Then when on November 11, 1925, she became the wife of J. Russell Love, M.L.A., a university alumnus and a favorite on the rugby grid and the basketball floor, a home of the highest ideals was created. Three little girls, Jean, Marion and Joyce, the youngest three weeks old, became its centre, and received all that thoughtful care which had formerly been distributed among all the young girls of our province.

But a life so alive cannot die. It lives on in the memories of those who knew her, and her work will not cease as long as those high ideals of young womanhood are realized.

—Reprint from THE GATEWAY

ALL THINGS ARE LOVELIER NOW

All things are lovelier now,
Than ever before.
A deeper meaning has life,
Than it had of yore;
For youth, when bidding adieu,
At a half-closed door,
Makes all things lovelier seem,
Than ever before.

Richer the red of the rose,
Diviner the scent,
Now that I know its beauty
Is only lent.
Music and color and light,
I cherish the more;
And all things lovelier seem,
Than ever before.

Of friendship and beauty and love,
I drink my fill;
Knowing these will remain,
When I am still.
Even though death were the end,
Life is sweet at the core,
And all things are lovelier now,
Than ever before.

ELAINE M. CATLEY.

The Division of Pure and Applied Physics, National Research Laboratories

By *R. W.* Boyle, *M.Sc.*, *M.A.*, *Ph.D.*, *F.R.S.C.*, *Director.*

If one investigates and studies at close hand, as it has been the writer's privilege to do, how the major nations of the world pursue and utilize the physical sciences for the stability and fairness of their commerce and for national security and advance, it will be discovered that national as well as individual efforts proceed through four great avenues:

I.—Bureau of Standards. Any nation of significance establishes and supports financially some National Institute or system of laboratories wherein are maintained, with the highest precision of which human mind and skill are capable, all those standards of time, lengths, weights, pressures, electrical currents, electrical voltages, luminous powers, and other quantities, on which are founded justice and exactitude in national and international trade and commerce.

First came the great Physikalische Technische Reichanstalt founded by the German government at Berlin; next the National Physical Laboratories by the British government at Teddington, near London; then the Bureau of Standards by the United States government at Washington. France does her standardization in more laboratories than one, but in France is the famous Bureau International des Poids et Mesures, maintained internationally by subventions from many nations, at Bellevue, near Paris. Now comes Canada! and we shall have to tie in with these National International Bureaus, in checking and cross-checking of important standards, so that our basic measures for the purposes of commerce, trade, and science may be nationally and internationally beyond reproach.

In the National Research Laboratories at Ottawa Canadian citizens, producers or consumers, sellers or buyers, may have any gravitational, mechanical, magnetic, electrical, optical, accoustic, heat, or radioactive quantity standardized and measured, and be assured that the measurements comport with the highest precision of international convention.

II.—Industrial Research. In all the great nations there have been founded Institutes of Research for the deliberate purpose of advancing and assisting Industry. These are either state or privately supported, or both. One thinks of the various Industrial Research Institutes of Germany, administered by the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft and supported ninety-five per cent. by German industries; of the Ferrous Metals Research Association of Great Britain, supported by the state and by the industry; of the famous research laboratories of the General Electric Company of America; of the Bell Telephone Laboratories of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company; indeed of scores of industrial research institutes or associations in all the great nations of the earth. Even the new Soviet regime in Russia is no laggard in this respect; for the amount of money poured by the Soviet government into Research Institutes for the study and development of Russian natural resources is prodigious. The purpose avowedly is to acquire wealth in developing their resources for the accomplishment of Soviet aims.

Canada is a young nation just about getting into stride. Some of our greater and more independent industrial companies have begun to maintain their own research departments, to examine closely their processes and their products with a view to their intrinsic and economic improvement. But these are few. In experimental research efforts supported by a Canadian province, the Alberta Government led the way by the establishment of the Provincial Research Council of Alberta, which maintains laboratories at

the University in Edmonton. The Ontario government, conjointly with Ontario industries, founded a project with financial resources greater still, and have made a very auspicious beginning in their research laboratories at Toronto. Development Associations or Boards have been formed in Manitoba and in Nova Scotia.

The Canadian industries are relatively young; and it must be expected that for many a year only a few will be able to investigate the problems associated with their processes which a collected assembly of competent scientists and technicians may be able to investigate for them, to their assistance, in the National Research Laboratories. This is a function of the Laboratories which the Canadian government has justly decided to support.

Choosing a few examples of the future activities of the Division of Pure and Applied Physics, I need not do more here than mention the aeronautical research for the assistance of the young and growing airplane industry in Canada, since Professor Parkin has already adequately treated that subject in this series. But other activities I may mention. For instance, there is the more efficient use of steam-driven machinery, with driving pressures rising higher and still higher, in its competition with electrical machinery, and for its own sake. We shall have to equip thermodynamic laboratories for all sorts of low and high pressure testing and for all sorts of steam devices. There must also be hydraulic laboratories for hydraulic machinery, and electrical laboratories for all kinds of electrical measurements and testing of electrical devices. Canada is a great country already for hydro-electric power, and will be greater still. We shall have to go into high voltage investigation, testing, and research, for there are in this scientific field many intricate scientific and economic problems still unsolved. In the field of radio, standardisation of frequencies, calibration of wave-meters, measurements of all the electrical quantities involved in the manufacture and use of "radio sets," researches against "static," and countless other problems, will offer avenues of testing and research for scientists suitably equipped. In the advancing use of new metallic alloys, lighter or heavier, harder or more resilient or more durable, less magnetic or more magnetic, this division should find opportunities to co-operate with the Chemical Division and with the laboratories of the Department of Mines, in their efforts to assist the metal industries of the country. In the growing practice of "insulating" houses and big buildings against extreme cold in the winter as well as excessive heat in summer, the Laboratories will test for Canadian manufacturers any of their insulating products. They will also test for sound insulation the materials produced for sound insulation and absorption. To standardise and measure any quantity of radium or other radioactive product, which are needed for use in hospitals or by doctors in their practice, the Division will be able to meet Canada's requirements.

In a word, there will be thermodynamic, strength of materials, hydraulic, electrical, optical, heat, and acoustic laboratories designed to meet the demands of the nation. Already interesting and important problems are being presented to us, but these I should not mention here, and we are busy collecting a competent staff to engage in their solution.

III.—Invention. Most countries have in their populations a good number of people called inventors. Their existence is fortunate, for without them all industry would be laggard. Inventors take the findings of pure science and transform them to devices for our comfort, happiness, and convenience. But inventors mostly are very poor! The qualities of mind and interest which make an inventor of a man generally keep him from activities which lead to money. But for the sake of the nation the inventor's ideas should not be lost; and if an inventor has an idea, which *after searching examination by competent men appears to be of value and deserving*, and he is poor, it is a defensible endeavour that the state through its National Laboratories should

grant assistance, at least in seeing that the idea has a chance and is adequately tested and approved. But this principle *must be cautiously applied;* for from unhappy experience, I know that ninety per cent. of inventors' ideas are useless to pursue! Inventors may be as troublesome as mosquitoes! but some of them should be national heroes! To certain French laboratories, maintained by the state and administered by a National Comite pour la Defence Nationale (this term being broadly interpreted as anything to maintain the life of the state) an inventor may come with an idea and have it searchingly examined. If after examination the idea is considered good, the inventor receives assistance in perfecting the idea and putting it to trial. These laboratories are situated at Bellevue (near Paris).

Since more inventions are produced from the physical sciences than the others, I hope this Division may be the means to be of genuine and sober assistance to Canadian inventors whose ideas are worthy of pursuit. Already I perceive that this will be the case.

IV.—Pure Science. In any aspiring Research Institute pure science must be fostered, for without it there is grave danger of the Institute degrading into a rut of dull and lifeless routine. To a scientist there is nothing like pure science to stimulate and vivify the intellect, and without it the sources from which flow the advances of applied and industrial science all dry up. From all of the activities I have briefly treated in this article will arise problems and suggestions which excite the mind. They may have no "practical" bearing at the time, but they may be the most "practical" problems we engage in, for generally from these mental cravings and the assaults they incite come the discoveries entirely new which transform civilization. I should say that one of the most important functions of the National Research Laboratories is to prosecute pure science. I know that the staff of this Physics Division will need it to keep themselves up to date in their special sciences and abreast with the personnel of similar Institutes throughout the world. There is a special necessity in this regard, for I even see a danger that in this young, ambitious, forceful, and intensely "practical" country our public may not understand, and we may be made to neglect what in the long game would be the most *practical* thing we achieve.

In the start we have thus far made in preparation for our work, it is a pleasure to recognize and acknowledge the cordiality and ready co-operation and assistance given us by the officials of the technical services of the Government with whom we have already made contacts of work and interest. It all augurs well for the future and forecasts pleasant as well as interesting activities in the Capital city.

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND"

HELEN MCQUEEN

nyone who has been to Europe might
e a travelogue (perhaps with the
stance of Mr. Baedaker) which would
nforming and perhaps interesting. I
ight perhaps it would be better for
to say a few things about motoring in
gland.

he first thing to be considered was the
icle, and the means of obtaining one
a short period. We were told that the
g to do was to buy a car, use it all
mer, then sell it for more than we
l for it. It can be done; but to simple
s like me and my companions the out-
appearance of a Lady Rolls-Royce
a Judy O'Grady Morris car was no
cation of the engine under the skin.
we chose the better part of valour and
ed a car from one of the many com-
ies who carry on this business. It
a Morris-Cowley, and seemed ab-
lly small for four well-developed
lts plus baggage. Also it was rather
ered as to chassis—but the gentleman
wished to rent it vowed that despite
ack of pulchritude it was the most de-
dable of cars, and would shrink in
ror from the thought of having to be
aired. We called the gentleman many
gs besides blessed during the month
were away—but still, someone must
port these modern highwaymen.

ne other sad experience consisted in
ling, with the aid of a burly Cornish
ceman, that we had been sent out with
expired license. But even the heart of
own constable was not proof against
smile of a charming young person
was a member of our party. Perhaps
best advice I can give anyone con-
plating a motor tour is to take along
eautiful young person with a winning
le—we found ours useful on many oc-
ons.

his jumble of impressions is not in-
ded to be a guide to any part of Eng-
d, nor even a log of our trip. I refer
to H. V. Morton's "In Search of
gland" for the best description I have
found of southern English countryside. But perhaps a word or two about some of the places I liked the best might be interesting.

We started from London, stopping at Canterbury the first night. Perhaps because it was my first old cathedral town it made a greater impression. As we approached the town, we were engrossed in the mellow Kentish scenery dotted with its typical bast-houses. Suddenly we looked up and gasped with wonder—the cathedral towers had appeared as if by magic. I fancy beauty like that has done more than much sermonizing to raise men's hearts to God. We arrived just in time to witnesse the installation of H. R. L. Shepard as Dean. As the procession filed out, and the afternoon sun glinted across the faces of the richly robed prelates, one's thoughts went back to all the processions which must have come down that aisle since the days of Chaucer. We were to see many other cathedrals, but Canterbury is in a class by itself—in my memories, at least.

Always there is the contrast of beauty and squalor—slums within a stone's throw of a building of breath-taking loveliness. You wonder how these cathedrals could have been built, when you think of the few men there were to do the work. But it is amazing how much a few devoted souls can accomplish. At Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, four monks are building, by hand, a church on the site of one swept away during the Dissolution.

One encounters an amazing variety of hotels. By sticking to those which display the A.A. or R.A.C. sign, one is assured of reasonable comfort, but misses the unusual. One hotel we liked very much indeed was "The White Hart" at Lewes—an old private house. Here they followed the old custom of bringing in the meat under huge silver covers, and carving what you wanted in the dining room.

I used to think all these songs and

poems about "glorious Devon" were overdrawn—but now I'm an ardent advocate of its charms. There is something soul-satisfying about its red earth, and the deep green of its fields, marked off by woolly hedges that make the though of barbed wire fences a desecration. I liked the sudden change from cultivated fields to the rough moors with patches of ling, and frowning tors, bringing back the childhood horror with which one reads books like "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Totnes is one of the less familiar towns in Devon, but a most pleasant place, on the river Dart. Its particular shrine is the Brutus stone (now incorporated in the street pavement) which all good Totnesians aver marks the spot where our ancestor Brut first set foot in the British Isles.

Lynton and Lynmouth hold very happy memories too. There one is within easy reach of the Doone Valley, and the little church where Lorna's wedding was so rudely interrupted.

We were almost afraid to go to Clovelly—some places are better imagined than seen. But here was no disappointment. Go there, I beg of you, at evening when the chars-a-banc have departed with their noisy tourists, and the dusk comes down, finding the little cobbled street almost unchanged since the days when Amyas Leigh and his companions knew it.

At Tintagel, in Cornwall, are the ruins of an old castle—Arthur's castle, so they say. Sceptics may advance reasons to show that this is impossible, but, standing by Merlin's Cove, or high on the castle rock looking out over the blue Cornish sea, I was prepared to believe anything. I should not have been surprised if the tame pigeons the caretaker was feeding had suddenly turned into Knights of the Round Table.

Wells was a fascinating place. The cathedral is beautiful, of course, and boasts a most unusual fourteenth century clock made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk. At the striking of the hours, knights on chargers come out and ride around, and two other knights appear on the outside of the cathedral—all to the great entertainment of children of all ages who come to watch. The ruins of the old banqueting hall were most interesting. Religious life in the old days was not, apparently so dull as it has now become. The moat and watch-towers were necessary in the conflicts which took place when the righteous men of Glastonbury, disapproving of the gaiety of the Wellsian ecclesiastics, came over to enforce more seemly conduct.

Another unusual place is Chipping Camden—a quaint village anyway, but interesting because of the Guild which has been established there to revive the old handicrafts. We were fortunate in seeing through the workshops, where they make all sorts of hand wrought articles—silver copper, brass, marble—even stained glass windows.

We also visited Eton, Winchester and Rugby schools, and found them quite up to expectations. Their appalling lists of war dead make you wonder again at the stupidity which made such slaughter possible. At Rugby, we were amused at a tablet erected to the man who "with a fine disregard for the rules" ran with the ball and instituted Rugby football.

It really isn't fair to single out a few places for special mention—but if I started on the New Forest, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or numerous other delightful places, I should need a special issue of *The Trail*—and that would probably ruin its circulation. But if you happen to be interested in hearing any more along this line—do come and ask. Talking about it all is my favorite occupation.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

By Donald Walter Thomson, LL.B., *University of Alberta* '26.

"We have just been reminded by the representative of the Crown that with the commencement of a new Parliament our first duty is to elect a Speaker. This obligation is in accordance with long established usage of Parliament. It comes down to us as part of our inheritance of British parliamentary institutions. It links our political liberties with those of ancient origin." It was in this manner that the Prime Minister, addressing Canada's Fourteenth Parliament, introduced to that assembly the proposed election of the Honourable Rodlophe Lemieux as Speaker. The House was unanimous in its agreement with the selection. The nomination of the member for Gaspé to this ancient and honourable office found the Canadian parliament possessed of the services of one of the leading statesmen of the Dominion. During his occupancy of the Chair he has fulfilled the most optimistic predictions and has undoubtedly proved to be the greatest of those who have in the past been called upon to carry the burden of this high and onerous responsibility.

As presiding officer in the House and the custodian of its rights, honours and privileges, Mr. Speaker must discharge obligations and perform functions of the highest order. The situation demands the noblest qualities of mind and heart. His knowledge of the rules of the House must be thorough, his experience with its procedure both lengthy and intimate. Calm judgment and quick decision, firmness of opinion combined with impartiality and patience constitute those qualities so highly essential to one whose place it is to properly direct the channels of parliamentary debate, to regulate its course of business and to guide the House in all matters pertaining to its duties, customs and dignities. Moreover he should possess in addition to all these virtues, a generous disposition and a goodly understanding of human nature.

Never before in the history of Canadian parliamentary institutions have all these able elements been so excellently mixed in one man as in the person of the present dean of the Commons—the Speaker of the House. The chief function of his office is to secure to the House the twin blessings of order and free speech. In his hand the Speaker holds a copy of the Orders of the Day—the agenda of proceedings. He is the one who daily guides, controls and directs the ordinary business of the House. He is constantly consulted by both the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition and by their Whips. It is part of his task to see that the machinery of Parliament runs smoothly and well. His experience and his advice are at the service of any member who may be in doubt concerning a point of order, a motion or a Bill.

But the greatest power which a Speaker can possess lies in his ability to deal with the unexpected. It would be difficult to find another body of assembled men displaying such a variety, such an uncertainty of moods as does our own House of Commons. There is no barometer to signal the approach of a parliamentary storm. A hurricane of passion and wild excitement will sometimes burst upon the House without warning out of a most tranquil and reassuring situation. The sudden emergency is the supreme test of the Speaker. It unveils him as no other circumstance could do, and he stands before the Commons—a weakling disclosed or a great man revealed.

As a great man he dominates over the crisis—the one calm and serene personlaity unaffected by the surging party conflict which rages on the benches below. It is then that the commanding presence, the air of authority, the quick intelligence and the wise decision distinguish a truly great Speaker. In this role the

Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux has won the respect and confidence of the whole House. His thorough understanding of the unwritten traditions of Parliament, aided by the impressiveness of his striking personality, has served to steadily increase the dignity and authority of the Chair in the Canadian Commons.

The life and career of the present Speaker of the Green Chamber has attracted wide attention and keen admiration. It is a story of more than ordinary interest because of its example in public service and democratic achievement. From that day when young Lemieux rose to deliver his maiden speech before the House as seconder to the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne—through all those stormy and eventful years of parliamentary debate as a brilliant and gallant lieutenant at the side of his great chieftain and beloved friend, Sir Wilfred Laurier—until he finally became the most eloquent Canadian orator of his day, incomparable in either French or English, the story of his colorful career forms a remarkable illustration of what may be accomplished by persevering effort to excel, of high resolution to overcome obstacles and of splendid devotion to the highest ideals of public service.

The Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux, K.C., B.C.L., LL.D., was born in Montreal on November 1, 1866, the son of H. A. Lemieux, an inspector of customs. He was educated at Nicolet College and at Laval University. Called to the Bar of the Province of Quebec in 1891, he became associated in the practice of his profession with Sir Lomer Gouin—a leading figure in the public life of that province. As a youth he also became actively engaged in journalistic and literary pursuits. In 1896 he was appointed a member of the Law faculty in Laval University, where he lectured on the History of Canadian Law and International Law until 1926. The year 1896 was an auspicious one for young Lemieux, for it was in the general elections of that year that he first entered Parliament as member for Gaspé. From that time on (with the exception of the term between 1911 and 1917—during which he represented Rouxille constituency in the House), this riding has continued to return the Laval professor—a veteran of nine fierce campaigns.

In the course of his parliamentary career Lemieux held three cabinet portfolios with distinction. As Solicitor-General, Postmaster General and finally as Minister of Marine and Fisheries he clearly displayed his abilities as an administrator. In 1897 he was created One of His Majesty's Counsel by the government of his natvie province. The French government in 1906 made him a Knight of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his services in promoting better and closer relations between Canada and France. Subsequently he was made an Officer and then a Commander in the same Order. In 1907 he was special envoy from this country to Japan in connection with the Asiatic immigration problem. He also represented the Dominion of Canada at the inauguration of the Parliament of the Union of South Africa. It was Lemieux who signed on behalf of Canada the Accord by which the famous Vimy Plateau—sacred to all Canadians — became the property of Canada, a gift from the government of France.

His most recent triumph, in the role of lecturer on Canadian Constitutional History in the magnificent Sourbonne of Paris, has established Lemieux in the forefront of modern philosophers who have attained eminence in the realm of international affairs, and who, by their faithful interpretation of the ideals fo one race to another, have done much to promote unity and understanding among the peoples of the world.

On March 8, 1922,, under the circumstances related, this distinguished son of New France — our leading Canadian *homme d'etat* was chosen as Speaker of the House of Commons. In that high and honourable capacity the Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux will continue to render to the Dominion his talents as a loyal and devoted son—an artsocrat of learning, a servant of the State.

TWO BOOK REVIEWS

By Sada F. Kitely

"BEAUTY ON EARTH"

By C. F. Ramuz.

It is like passing through a dream, reading "Beauty on Earth," like seeing a lovely, fantastic idyll unroll before your eyes. A spell is still upon you when you have put down the book and gone to your work again. You are rather bewildered, for the story seems a sort of Nature Allegory.

From Santiago, in the island of Cuba, Juliette comes to live with her uncle, an innkeeper, whose home is in the mountains, across the Lake from Savoy. The village is small, new faces are rare, and Juliette is young and very beautiful. The men crowd the inn, at frist content to have a glimpse of her. Soon, however, that is not enough, they must win her notice. So Juliette, all unconsciously, causes strife in the quiet life of the village. As to herself, the girl accepts her new life as one in a dream, dazedly, coming to life fully only at odd moments and really stirred by nothing but the exquisite accordian music of M. Urbian, a little hunchback. Beauty and Music!

The people of the story are simple village folk and fishermen, but over all is cast a romantic, incoherent spell. The sort of charm the new-made world casts upon mortals in the Springtime, an enchantment, not of love, but of beauty. Beauty on this Earth is so lovely, so glowing, and brings us such happiness, but it is so transient, so utterly fleeting, and leaves us devastated when it has passed.

The style of the book is most curious. It is a translation from the French, and the French idiom has not been replaced by the English. The tense changes constantly, even in the same sentence. The style is clipped, abrupt, and confusingly erratic, like our own rambling thoughts.

The author has a great love of Nature and a vision which goes beyond the merely photographic. His similes are legion, and so apt that we wonder we have not thought of them ourselves. After a severe storm the darkness clears and he tells us that "you can see the things coming back to their places—the wet grass, the trees with their stems, vaguely, not well defined as yet, as it were at the beginning of the world"—and again, "the moon in its first quarter shone like a polished icicle over the corner of the Café"—and on the beach, "the little waves were coming, one after another, laying themselves down at his feet like a dog who knows his master"—"the little waves stretched their paws in front of them and spread their white claws on the sand."

To the matter-of-fact person who cannot bear tangle and bewilderment the book will prove annoying, and had much better be left on its shelf. To the person who loves strange and unusual descriptions of ordinary things, whose own imagination runs free, and who worships Beauty as the pagans worshipped Pan, "Beauty On Earth" will make a strange appeal.

BLOOD ROYAL

By Dornford Yates.

Anyone who has read Yates' "Blind Corner" will joyfully reach for "Blood Royal"—nor will he be regretful of his choice.

Richard Chandos and George Hanbury once more venture into Austria and once more meet face to face with high adventure.

A dissolute, cowardly, young Duke is forced into his rightful position as Prince when his great-uncle dies; forced, because in his cowardice, he would have allowed his birthright to slip away from him. Chandos and Hanbury risk their very lives, more than once, on the venture. In the extreme moment, they don the uniforms of footmen of the palace and act as such. All is undertaken and executed because a slip of a girl, Leonie, Grand Duchess of Riechtenburg, insists that Duke Paul be proclaimed Prince. Chandos has his reward.

(Continued on page 14)

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

Helen Stewart Edwards.

The Maoris of New Zealand are acknowledged to be the finest of all native races. They are by nature intellectual, and some of the cleverest and wealthiest men in New Zealand at the present time are natives. All are highly respected members of the community. There is no colour line: the Maori has equal rights with the "*pakeha*" (white man).

It is believed that the Maoris are of Polynesian origin, arriving in huge war canoes on the shores of New Zealand after great hardship and suffering. They found the country inhabited by a peace-loving people called Morioris. Gradually the latter were exterminated by the fighting Maoris, and today the last of the Morioris is living out his last years on one of the Chatham Islands—a lonely survivor. The Maori, however, has never been in danger of extermination from refusal to defend himself. The story is told that when the British came to take possession of the country, they found the Maoris a formidable enemy. They were forced to retire to their ships, preparatory to taking their leave; when the Maoris, fearful lest they lose their foe, sent out supplies and ammunition to enable them to continue the war.

Each tribe was governed by a hereditary chieftain, who could trace his ancestry back to the founder of the tribe, and even beyond into mythology, to the gods of Sky (*Rangi*) and Earth (*Papa*). The chief's powers were to be compared with those of a king under a limited monarchy; he could not issue autocratic decrees of life or death. He was the acknowledged leader in time of war, and if he fell it was impossible for any leader of common descent to rally the forces. He conducted ceremonies comparable with the modern laying of the corner-stone of public buildings, when a new meeting-house was to be built. Ritual formed a part of the preparation of land for crops, as well as the organization of fishing and hunting expeditions. Today this respect for traditional etiquette and ritual, as well as pride of birth, remain prominent characteristics of the Maori race.

Civilization, heralded by the establishment of a mission at Bay of Islands by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, of New South Wales, in 1814, has had a beneficial effect on the native race. This is proved by the fact that, unlike most native races, they are actually increasing in numbers. The Maori of today differs very little from the white man. Yet he is only a few generations removed from cannibalism: indeed, some of the early settlers, who are still living, tell tales of having to employ natives to take the place of their English domestics, who had become homesick and had sailed for home on the first available boat. The Maoris employed were admittedly cannibals, but fortunately the flesh of Europeans was declared to be too salty for their taste.

Education in New Zealand is free and compulsory, and the Maoris have benefitted thereby to a surprising extent. There are certain schools and colleges for them exclusively, but in the districts where they are more thinly scattered they attend the same schools as the white children, and there is absolutely no distinction made. In the same way, they take their place in all walks of life, and some of the cleverest professional men are Maoris. They are naturally eloquent. Their language is itself very liquid and musical, being composed mainly of vowels. Their oratory is unsurpassed. Four out of the eighty members of the House of Representatives of New Zealand are chosen from the native race, and on the days when they are scheduled to speak it is almost impossible to get into the gallery. Their English is perfect. In fact, even the guides one meets at Rotorua and other tourist resorts speak with a fluency and vocabulary which shame the English-born.

Hotorua, the largest of the thermal regions, is about 170 miles from Auckland A large Sanatorium is operated by the

Government, with mineral baths in connection. The grounds are beautifully laid out in gardens, tennis lawns, bowling greens, etc. To a visitor, however, the human element is always of interest, and the little native village of Ohinemutu, about a mile from Rotorua, is fascinating. The tiny houses are now almost all built in the European style. They are not placed in streets or rows, but in quite irregular fashion. For the most part, the site appears to have been chosen because of its proximity to a hot pool, which may serve as a bath. In some cases the owner has been enterprising enough to put a floor of concrete into the bath, surrounding it with a board fence for privacy. There are plenty of steaming pools about, in which kettles and pots are placed, and nature does the rest. The nights are sometimes cool, the altitude being about 1,000 feet. Therefore the Maori who cannot sleep in his house moves down into the church courtyard, where the ground is always warm from subterranean springs, and here he sleeps comfortably.

This little church at Ohinemutu is very beautiful. We were fortunate in being present at an Easter service. The altar cloth has "Tapu, Tapu, Tapu" embroidered on it. The interior of the church has the entire wall space covered with alternate panels of hand carving and reed-work, no two panels having the same design. The ends of the pews are also carved. The officiating clergyman was a Maori, who read the usual Anglican service in both English and Maori,, and announced the numbers of the hymns in both the English and Maori hymn-books. The choir was composed of Maoris, who, though few in number, sang very heartily and with beautiful harmony in their own language. Similarly, the sermon was preached first in English, then in Maori. Within the last year or two the Maoris have had one of their number appointed a bishop.

Another place of interest near Rotorua is Whakarewarewa (called Whaka for short), where geysers spout and mud volcanoes are in constant action. Here it is necessary to have a guide, and Maori girls perform this service. For the most part they are beautiful, with good features, black wavy hair, gleaming white teeth, sparkling black eyes, and a golden brown skin. Their voices make even the most commonplace statement interesting. They wear their native costumes, consisting of reed skirts, with varying designs carried out in dyed reed, "mat" or cloak of flax decorated with kiwi feathers, and woven head-band. Our guide's name was Anu, and she was most entertaining. When she found out we were from Canada she went out of her way to explain everything very fully, answering our questions patiently. She herself had once been to England with a Maori concert party.

Anu first took us into a model meeting-house. The front is completely covered with carvings of the totara tree—a soft but everlasting wood—dyed red. The interior is finished in the same way as the church, with alternate panels of carving and reed-work in varying designs. The ceiling has beams covered with black and white scrolls. Two central poles are used to support the roof of this particular building, but a house needs only one to support its peaked roof. These poles are carved to represent the god or Tiki of the household, which is also represented over the front door. A hewn-out stone is placed at the base of the poles, in which hot coals are placed to heat the building. The women of good family have their chin and upper lip tattooed in designs taken from the scroll-work of their house. It is a hideously ugly custom, but, since it denotes high birth, it is endured. Totem poles, resembling those used by the Indians, are used in the burial grounds, each family having its design similar to that used in the house.

We found the domestic reserve at Whaka very fascinating. Here community life is at its best. The cooking is done in the boiling pools or by means of compressed steam. The sides of a box are placed over a steam-hole, and into this the vegetables are dropped encased in loosely woven baskets, or in kettles or pots. The box is then covered with mat-

ting, and in about twenty minutes or half an hour the vegetables are beautifully cooked. Meat cooked in this way is said to be deliciously tender. Not far away from the cooking "stoves" we saw some children bathing in the community pool, while in a still different pool several women were doing their washing. The water was so soft that the soap lathered immediately.

Anu showed us the various geysers and mud pools at Whaka. Each pool had been given a name. One was the Glad-Eye Pool," in which the pupil of the eye was formed by petroleum bubbling up. Some of the other pools formed roses, some lilies. We were shown a quiet pool, which Anu explained was the "Wishing-well." We were solemnly told to make a wish, which was certain to come true, while Anu tactfully turned her back.

Anu pointed out to us a certain place which was "tapu," or sacred. She explained that the fact that some lives had been lost many years before at that spot rendered it forbidden ground. In ancient times anything that the priest of the tribe touched was rendered tapu. For that reason his food had to be specially prepared and served in his own vessels.

A model "*pa*", or village, has been erected at Whaka for the purpose of demonstrating the Maori methods of living and defence. Here one sees the fortifications and all the various buildings in their relation to one another, such as the priest's house, the storehouse (which is built thre or four feet above the ground), the meeting-house, etc. The Government built this *pa* for the purpose of stimulating interest in Maori life and customs.

The feeling that exists between Maori and *pakeha* is such that one need not fear that New Zealand will ever have a colour problem. White men who have returned from the "back blocks" invariably tell of the great hospitality of the Maori, and they usually came back laden with jokes. The Maori has, among other gifts, a marvellous sense of humour. The general opinion is that the Maori is a "jolly good fellow."

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

By "Pyrrha"

Life hath denied me
Venturous ways;
Quiet my heart-beats,
Sober my days.

Love's wing but brushed me
When death came by.
Love's sweet fulfillment
Never knew I.

Little life quickening
Under my heart
Gently to ponder
Was not my part.

Anguish of birth-pang
I have been spared;
Downy head nestling
To a breast bared.

One great adventure
I can divine;
Life cannot cheat me—
Death shall be mine.

I shall go wondering
In through the gate;
Mayhap the other things
There for me wait.

BLOOD ROYAL

(Continued from page 11)

Yates is charming. His style is sufficiently reminiscent of ancient days to be polished and sufficiently imbued with the immediate present to be searchingly vivid.

The plot itself is not perhaps, as good as "Blind Corner," which is, in its way, a bit of a masterpiece, but it is very good.

For readers who enjoy adventure tales not only thrilling, but well written, "Blood Royla" is the very book.

"THE ADDING MACLINE"

By Gamma

"You're a failure, Zero, a failure. A waste product. A slave to a contraption of steel and iron. The animal's instincts, but not his strength and skill. The animal's appetites, but not his unashamed indulgence of them. True, you move and eat and digest and excrete and reproduce. But any microscopic organism can do as much. Well—time's up! Back you go—back to your sunless groove—the raw material of slums and wars—the ready prey of the first jingo or demagogue or political adventurer who takes the trouble to play upon your ignorance and credulity and provincialism. You poor, spineless, brainless boob—I'm sorry for you!" Thus does Lieutenant Charles, the futurist Mephistopheles, sum up the theme of "The Adding Machine" in sending Zero back to Earth for another round. This is an experimental, thoughtful play, giving little comfort to those who have the perception to see mirrored in Zero some of their own ridiculous provincialism. Though he is one of those indefinite abstractions, a generalised composite type, yet he remains throughout the play real and human enough to excite our pity.

We are first shown the bleakness and pettiness of his domestic life in a tenement. When this is followed by the office routine, years spent in doing nothing but adding figures, and by a clever satire on the barren parties and amusements of the white-collar slaves, life seems indeed a futile business. Zero, expecting promotion as the result of twenty-five years service, is informed that he will be replaced by an adding machine. One might perhaps wonder whether this spineless cringer, even in the throes of a violent brainstorm, would be capable of sticking the bill-file in the boss.

Then we follow Zero to the witness box, and to the graveyard where he meets Shrdlu, who as the "eternal flames" type of fusty fundamentalist, is to mirror for us the narrow rigidity of Zero's mind, and his bewilderment when confronted with unfamiliar circumstances and ideas. His peculiar notion that anything connected with sex is intrinsically iniquitous is beautifully brought out in the Elysian Fields. Here his office mate, the romantically-minded but love-starved Daisy, catches up on him, and they realize that each had wanted the other on earth. Their paradise is soon shattered, however, by his mechanical reactions and his impenetrable stupidity. He finds contentment operating an adding machine till he is finally sent back to Earth for his next incarnation, unwilling but buoyed up by illusive Hope. Truly a remarkably conceived play.

Its production by the University Dramatic Society in conjunction with the Edmonton Little Theatre was nothing short of brilliant. The sustained and difficult characterisation required by the leading roles taxed, but did not over-tax, the capabilities of the players. Zero, who is on the stage practically all the time, was very ably portrayed, an exacting task. Both his and Mrs. Zero's monologues, a scene each, deserve honorable mention, but why were the legal holidays made Canadian? The minor characters fitted smoothly and efficiently into their grooves, as minor characters should. There were several places where a distinct improvement would have resulted from a little more alacrity in picking up cues. Pauses are excellent, and indispensable for effect, but awkward pauses such as result from a lost or tardily picked up cue, or a superabundance of pauses, are alike fatal. In such a long performance acceleration in this way is doubly valuable.

The futuristic settings were excellently conceived and executed, and contributed in no uncertain way to the success of the production. Many decorations based on geometric figures fail to please the eye, but the designer in this case seemed to have no difficulty in avoiding that pitfall. The lighting, too, was very effec-

In the early days of The Trail a charge sometimes levelled at the Treasurer was that he was laboring under the delusion that the magazine existed merely for the purpose of 'dunning" the members for fees. It is now a long time since an appeal has been made in these columns, and the Treasurer is taking the opportunity of reminding you that out of a membership of about 1,450 *only* 235 *have paid fees to date. It should be remembered that our only income is derived from fees, and hence our only opportunity of adding to the Henry Marshall Tory Scholarship Fund is by a surplus derived from fees. Not to mention that it is fees that make The Trail go round!*

The Treasurer would therefore welcome your payment of $2.00 *for your* 1929-30 *dues.*

tive, enhancing the symbolism and beauty of the settings, and giving a realistic atmosphere to the brainstorm. But are there such "divers noises" in a brainstorm? We ask because we have yet to become a qualified judge of that subjective phenomenon. A little annoyance was caused by some of the spotlights going out unexpectedly, due no doubt to an untoward loose connection. And the preparation of the last scene was distinctly visible through the rather thin curtain in the Normal School. Fortunately there was atmosphere to spare, since some could not help being lost thus.

Apart from these few minor details, the production of "The Adding Machine" has been a very successful experiment. The Dramat is to be commended for its courage in choosing such a play. Along with the Little Theatre it should stand for the production of plays which rarely appear on the commercial stage, in this country at least. And it is often pointed out that the public never knows what it wants until it gets it.

You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the Association will be held in the Lounge, Athabaska Hall, probably on Saturday, May 10th, conjointly with a meeting of the Edmonton Branch. Further, the yearly dinner and reception to Class 1930 will take place in Athabaska Hall on Wednesday evening, May 14th. Tickets, which will be placed on sale later, will positively not be sold after 5 p.m. Wednesday, May 13. Reservations may be made previous to that time by application to the Secretary, Alumni Association, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

LOST

A. M. Phillips, who sent his fee of $2.00 for the current year to the Treasurer and stated that his address was Black Diamond, Alberta. His receipt has been returned "Not called for." Will Mr. Phillips please communicate with the Secretary or Treasurer?

EDITOR'S NOTE

The very laudable, if somewhat ambitious project of re-writing the Revised Statutes of Alberta in epic form, was embarked upon by L. Y. Cairns soon after his graduation from Varsity. In addition to the Exemption Ordinance (as it was then called) which is reproduced below, Mr. Cairns concluded the versification of the Fatal Accidents Act, and had begun the Land Titles Act when the demands of his rapidly growing practice forced the indefinite postponement of its completion. *The Trail* considers itself unusually fortunate in being permitted to present to its readers this hitherto unpublished manuscript.

EXEMPTION'S ORDINANCE

The things the Sheriff cannot seize,
To satisfy a debt are these:
The necessary clothes one wears;
Five hundred dollars worth of chairs,
Or pigs, or chickens, or their ilk,
Or dairy tools for doping milk;
A six months' stock of things to eat,
Including dead or living meat;
Three ox, three mules or three cayuses,
Or any three the debtor chooses;
Six cows; six sheep; and fifty hens;
Three pigs to decorate the pens;
(These animals do not include,
The ones the debtor kept for food.)
Grub for the stock, one must remember,
For six months starting with November.
The harness that three beasts would take;
One set of harrows; one horse rake;
One cross plow, if the debtor will;
One set of sleighs and one seed drill;
A sewing machine with all its parts;
One waggon or a pair of carts;
One binder does the law allow;
One mower, and one breaking plow.
A man can keep in his possession,
The books he needs in his profession;
And also by the legal rules,
Two hundred dollars' worth of tools.
A homestead has the law's protection;
In size up to a quarter section;
Also the grain a man may need,
To put one half of this in seed,
And for this purpose is allowed,
Two bushels for each acre ploughed.
The buildings where a man resides,
The lots on which they stand besides,
If they in value don't, indeed,
Twenty-five hundred bones exceed.
When similar things a debtor's got,
Some being exempt and others not,
The debtor is allowed to name
The ones he wishes to retain.
Relief the debtor does not get
On goods the subject of the debt,
Of these the Sheriff may dispose,
Except for bedding, food or clothes.
In case a judgment debtor dies,
This legislation still applies,
But only if his kids or frau,
Are going to use his stuff right now.
Absconding debtors can't demand
Exemptions on their goods or land,
Unless behind they leave to moan
Their wives or children all alone.
In cases where the court may say,
A man must alimony pay,
This statute has no application—
So ends this chunk of legislation.

L. Y. Cairns.

"THE DEATH OF ROMANCE"

Frances Shillington.

I.—The Realist comments:

Romance is dying! dying! Romance is dead! Rose-coloured spectacles lie in fragments on the asphalt. The barefoot boy wears cowhide boots as a prophylactic against infection. Byron swimming the Hellespont today would do it in the shadow of a press-boat and a coat of grease.

"We can see! We can see!" chirp the enlightened in a fog-hung world. "There is no sun. The world is grey—not rose. We walk in mud—not golden sand. Hurrah for the mud! Let us throw some at each other to see how well it sticks!"

The age of chivalry! Tush—and again—Pish! Half a ton of steel on an old nag. Hard on horses. Put half a ton of steel on four wheels. That'll put the the wings on your heels. Maidens in distress. What rubbish. As if any woman living could not talk herself in or out of any situation that exists. Votes for women! They got them, didn't they? Well, then, why give up your seat in the street car?

Marriage—Ha ha! Like a department store. "Does this one suit you, moddam? Take it home and see how you like it. If you decide not to keep it—your money refunded." Or this—"You can't go wrong on this kind. Take it out and run it around for a year or so. Then you can turn it in for one of the newer models." I tell you Romance is dead. Biological Urge and Propinquity are filling her place.

Religion. Now you're talking. Twenty-five cents a Sunday. It's much more effective than blistering in Africa. Never mind regular attendance. Sunday should be a day of rest. Not that it's easy to rest when the neighbor's radio is not as good as one's own.

Literature—ah yes. All's riot on the festering front. Great men? A joke. We know they never lived. Just weaklings, most of them—caught in the vise of circumstance. Certainly we're right. What's the name of the fellow who writes the absolute truth about them all? Just fancy how they've kept us in the dark all these years. If Romance had not died, we never should have known!

II.—The Romanticist mourns:

Romance is dying. Lovely glowing Romance!—who once swept all before her with the power of her charm. She's dying of starvation—of heart and soul. They say that people do not die of heart-break, but some whisper that her heart died within her when Illusion disappeared. Without him there could be no life for Romance, neither flowering nor fruition.

Day and night she sought her lost love. But he has vanished from the world men know. No longer will she find him in his ancient haunts. She has looked in vain across the battle field. How valiantly he once fought there for Right and Home and Motherland! How gay his uniform—how flashing his sword—and how this great steed champed the bit in eagerness before the charge. They say the General's coat is rather frayed since Illusion left his side. And this we know. Men never fled to sit in slime, fight in ditches—their souls and bodies stark with misery, while Illusion rested with them.

Why everything was good in those gay years. Bloodshed, aye—but courage had its root in every soldier heart. Exalted beings—supermen all! But now the whispering is that some were not so seemly. Some fought for money, some for power—some dallied with the flesh-pots. This was not their part—when he was one of them.

Poor sad Romance! She searched the grey cathedral, thinking the while how reverently her loved one knelt among the blessed. How sweetly rose his voice, like silver chimes athwart the golden flood of song. But now the singing's tuneless. The little body of the faithful fill the air with strife. "We shall sing this. We won't say that. We'll sit in

other houses," is their cry. Some even sit at home and read their devil-books that say: "Science is Good!"—or "Nature is the only Good," or even, "Good is not!"

They tell it too, she searched the parliament and law courts. But it availed her nothing. It seems the great men who ruled us well and wisely, who brought us wealth and goodly realms, took all they wanted first. Their laws were meant to fill the wallets of a few, or to jingle in the pockets of the crowd—party good-luck pieces to bring remembrance at the next election.

The scale of Justice, held up before a pair of sightless eyes! Rich is rich and poor is poor—but law is law. Now wagging tongues would have it, that the lady is not blind—and the bandagings are bound askew that she may catch the gleam of gold in the scalepan.

Sad and wan the seeker climbs the nursery stair to ask the wide-eyed children for news of their old playfellow. The little band is smaller now since Illusion comes no more to play. Only the oldest ones remember the tales he told in the days before the old Reddy Fox ate Cinderella up and Santa died—the days when storks brought baby brothers, and spared rods spoiled the child.

At last, the pale Romance turned her eyes in sorrow to Illusion's books. He loved them so—she'd find a solace there. But even these were ravaged. Whole plots and trappings worn out by the roots. These treasure houses sacked, men scrapped the gold and saved the alloy, and turned the inmates out to shiver in their flapping rags, hiding if they can, their nakedness from the public eye.

. . . . . .

They say she's sinking fast. She will not see another dawn. She cannot live with the living. Tearless, they'll stand beside her bier and on the other side—the dead. Dead Caesar, Joan of Arc, and Nelson; Napoleon, Elizabeth, Cortez, will wring their hands in sorrow. She cannot even wander with the shades. Romance is doubly dead.

EDITORIAL

The Little Theatre Movement in Alberta

To most Alberta graduates, particularly to those whose memories of the University go back more than five years, amateur dramatics will always be associated with the rather riotous celebrations that each year accompanied the Inter-Year Play Competition. No one except those directly associated with the production of the plays took them very seriously. They were regarded as very suitable material over which to develop a little class spirit, and even to the occupants of the seats in the body of the hall the antics of the irrepressibles in the gallery and the persiflage that floated from side to side often proved as entertaining as the valiant efforts of the would-be Garricks on the stage. There was also, of course, the Spring Play, a production of more ambitious calibre and receiving better direction, but still it was only amateur, and devotees of the spoken drama looked forward eagerly to the occasional visits of the masters of the histrionic art who came to the West with worth-while plays.

But now the Talkies are here, and things are not what they were. The theatre, as someone has recently remarked, is on its last dear old legs, and we in Edmonton are faced with the prospect of seeing nothing on the legitimate stage for some years to come better than vaudeville and the third rate productions of stock companies.

Unless the Great American Public begins to show some signs of recovering from the stupor of admiration into which it has been thrown by the glittering triumphs of Technicolor and to demand something more satisfying than an endless diet of Hollywood Revues or mystery murders, it will be a long time before the Talkies become a satisfactory substitute for the legitimate stage.

Even then there will always be some who refuse to admit that a machine is a good substitute for a voice or that a three-dimensional world is adequately portrayed on a two-dimensional screen.

Deprived of the opportunity of seeing the great or near-great actors who used once, if only at infrequent intervals, to refresh their thirst for dramatic art, such people have been thrown upon their own resources, and the Little Theatre has received in the West an impetus which should carry it far along the road to a permanent success.

The inauguration of an Annual Dramatic Festival in Alberta by the Little Theatres of Edmonton, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and Calgary is an indication of the determination of these centres to perpetuate the histrionic art. The class of play produced at this event and the success attending the efforts of the actors was of an order to justify high hopes for the future of the Movement.

The Little Theatre in Edmonton is closely associated with the University Dramatic Society, and eventually the two should become one, for the logical centre for Amateur Dramatics is the University. We hopefully look forward to a time when a building worthy to be devoted to Drama will rise on the campus and the most ancient of the Muses may find a home despite the competition of her more dazzling young step-sister of the Rainbow Screen.

CORRESPONDENCE

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.,
Law Department,
Calgary, Alberta,
Jan. 6, 1930.

The Editor "The Trail,"
Edmonton.

Dear Sir:

As I have been receiving copies of *The Trail* for some time past and have no recollection of having paid a subscription fee, I am enclosing herewith a money order for four dollars, to be applied on any back fees and on this year's subscription.

I am always delighted to receive *The Trail*, and find the Alumni Notes particularly interesting. The various articles are usually interesting, and I feel that there is much credit due to those who are behind this magazine for the efforts which they are making to keep in touch with the graduates. Seriously I feel that nearly all graduates who enter into business very rapidly lose touch with the University. I think that it is merely a matter of time before the graduates themselves, as they become established, will come to realize the value of keeping in touch; but I am of the opinion that it is a matter which cannot be forced.

With every good wish for the success of your scheme.—I am,

Yours sincerely,
R. R. MITCHELL,, '25, '27.

NEWS OF THE BRANCHES

EDMONTON

A pleasant dinner meeting last night (Jan. 17) in the lounge with some forty members present to hear *Mr. H. R. Leaver*, '15, '16, tell us in a charming manner of his explorations of Roman camps in South Wales. His listeners represented many years from '12 to '29. I saw *Helen Edwards*, '19, just back from her world wanderings; *Libbie Lloyd*, '12, in from Waskatenau on one of her periodical trips to town; *Mrs. W. J. Thurlow* (nee *Jean McKitrick*), '25, from *Edson; Captain Towerton*, '13, and Mrs. Towerton; *George Conquest*, '27, in good voice, and having to give us an encore to "The Trumpeter"; Chancellor and Mrs. Rutherford, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, and many others. It seemed a bit like going home for the week-end!

CALGARY

The company of University players who presented "Shall We Join the Ladies" at the first annual dramatic festival in Calgary included four alumni, to wit, *Helen Carnes*, '28, *Don MacKenzie*, '28, *R. V. Clark*, '28, and *Herbert Newcombe*, '28. There was also a Varsity flavor about the Calgary plays. In the former "Punch and Go," the leading man was *Shirley MacDonald*, '25, '28, while *Betty Mitchell*, '24, directed the latter,—"Orpheus with His Lute." The Edmonton cast were entertained at tea on the Sunday afternoon by the Calgary branch of the Alumni Association, at the Palliser Hotel.

Some new addresses of Calgary members are as follows: *Aylesworth, Hesperia*, 28 c|o Canadian Utilities, Ltd.; *Dyson, Mrs. A. B.* (nee Blanche McLaughlin), '14, 1505 Scotland St.; *Giffen, Dr. J. W.*, '25, '29, Strathmore; *Harkness, Douglas*, '24, 807 13th Avenue W.; *Kiteley, Sada*, '26, 2201 7th St. W.; *Sprung, Donald*, '26, 625 Clifton Blvd.; *Willis, Arthur*, '27, 117 9th Ave. W.E.; *Watts, M. W. L.*, '26, 514 13th Ave. N.E.; *Tapp, Cecil*, '19, Dominion Seed Branch.

WINNIPEG

Extract from a letter from the President of the Branch: "Last night (Feb. 21) we held our second meeting. It was most successful from the standpoint of sociability. Unfortunately some of our members were out of the city and a number of others had engagements which could not be broken. Doctor Gordon was splendid. He just melted in—made him-

self one of the crew, and after supper told us a lot of gossip and news about the old place back there. . . . I'm encouraging and urging some of my Saskatchewan friends to get busy and organize. The big idea, of course, is that there will be many occasions when we can hold joint meetings which will be of mutual interest, and it will not be so hard to present a decent turn-out to a guest."

The newest member of the family has lost no time in getting down to business and is in line for congratulations. Names of officers appear above "Alumni Notes."

CAMPUS CHATTER

Turning into the home stretch, we begin to increase the pace and decide that we've had a good race. True, we are a long way behind the mythical pace-setter who does all his work when it is assigned to him, but probably our mental outlook fits us better than his for the sprint which will start soon now. Looking back, we have had an awfully good time along the way. The going has been alternately heavy and light, there have been many bright incidents to break its possible monotony, and our running mates have been a good lot. They have been as anxious as we to reach the tape with good time, as ready as we to waste some of that precious time in little side excursions in search of something still more precious.

The University has seen plenty of activity this year. There have been more lively clashes of interests than usual, more athletic defeats, but a greater effort to achieve victory, a bigger enrollment, more beautiful co-eds, more grads dropping back to see us, longer and harder-fought bull-sessions, more to make us melancholy, more to make us gay, more to remind us that we are alive. There has been a quickening of interest in student politics, manifested by several vigorous attacks on the Council. The Powers That Be have shown new wisdom by showing new sympathy for us in our continued pursuit of the all-important trivialities of University life. As a result, we like them more than ever, whether their courses are "dead" or not, and intend to show this by a month of intensified effort (advertisement).

There is one fact to which the attention of every alumnus should be drawn. Among this year's Seniors there is a strong feeling, founded on serious consideration, that Class '30 is the strongest and best balanced class that has yet gone through the wringer. This is said, with due deference to Class '27, Class '26 and Class '24. This May the graduation broom will sweep out onto the dust-heap of the world most of the recognized strength in student administration, athletics, debating and dramatics. Of course, there is always the latent strength of the lower classmen, but it is something of a shock to realize that graduation will rob Varsity of all but three of those who have ever sat on the Students' Council and almost all of the members of the cast of the Senior Play.

The mention of the Senior Play was made as part of a rather neat transition to this paragraph. The Senior Play represents an innovation. Hoary graduates of the class of '49 will be glad to hear that a University dramatic group has at last been able to travel. Sir James Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was presented by the Dramat at the first Provincial Dramatic Festival in Calgary last month. About 20 students, very properly chaperoned, made the trip. Barring the facts that the actors voices didn't carry during the matinée, that the stage manager changed the lights so that the make-ups weren't visible at night, and that the play was over the heads of all the Calgary people who were not paid-up members of the Alumni Association, the trip was a great success. Ask us about it some time.

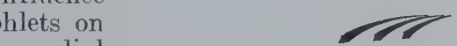
Debating has had a big year. The McGoun Memorial Cup is back in the trophy case as a result of a decisive double victory, and the N.F.C.U.S. debate resulted in Alberta's first win over a non-western university team. In this latter, Herb Surplis and Max Wershof won both an audience decision and the unanimous judgment of a bench of fine judges. The Inter-Varsity scraps had very similar happy endings. One decision was unanimous, the other by a 3-1 score. All of which goes to mean to imply to say that Alberta lost only one out of thirteen possible points in the three contests.

While we happen to think of it, a pre-presentation announcement may be in order. Class '30 has shown the influence of Chamber of Commerce pamphlets on "Sunny Alberta" by choosing a sun-dial for its class gift. This is already "installed" in the middle of the south wall of the Arts Building (just under Dean Howes' window), but as the presentation hasn't yet taken place, please say nothing about it.

The men's basketball team won at Saskatoon and lost at Winnipeg, but seems to be the class of this province without much doubt. The ladies' basketball team was good enough for everyone but the Commercial Grads. The ladies' hockey team lost and won. The men's hockey team lost. It will probably continue to do so until its players are willing to give up part of their Christmas holidays and keep in the condition they need. They showed again this year that they were capable of sensationally fine hockey, but incapable of sustaining even a steady effective attack.

There are, of course, other things one might discuss. There is the opera for example. People said it was excellent. Then there was the residence debate when the late House Committee without either constitutional authority or popular approval ousted a student from residence for engaging in the age-old pastime of criticizing the meals. There have been banquets and luncheons too, a cracking fine address by Dafoe of the Free Press, the appearance of a new kind of bun at the Tuck Shop, a lot of election gossip, and the publishing of the first draft of the time-table for the finals. It's after two now, and the cigarette-lighter won't work, and there are four lectures and a moot tomorrow, so we will close our last "Campus Chatter." The year is almost over, and it's been a good year. Yes, it's been a good year.

DON BEE.



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How much have you contributed to help pay for this issue of The Trail?

ALUMNI NOTES

I have made, this time, some attempt to sort out my jottings into more or less chronological order. The available news about earlier classes is slight, so it has been grouped to a certain extent. It is probably natural that the graduates of 1927, 1928 and 1929 should not yet be as remote from University life as those of previous years; but even so, considering the *numbers* of the old timers the percentage of them who "report in" is quite high. Bob Mitchell, in a letter elsewhere in this issue, expresses the opinion that the apparent indifference shown by so many alumni is due to absorption in the grim business of earning a living (and it may well be!). It is my ambition to keep *in touch* with everyone in the meantime until the time arrives when closer relations can be established. Let me urge then, as the irreducible minimum, a postcard giving your address, when you move.

It will be noticed that not all of the items concerning any one class are to be found under the appropriate heading. This is due to my desire to give the quotation complete where one person has furnished information about others. But dig in and sample my wares:

1912 to 1916

Mr. Ottewell has heard from *Rev. A. L. Carr*, '17, of Appin, Ont. *Mr. Carr* spoke of having heard *Dr. Tory* speak on the League of Nations at London, Ont., and remarked: "Dr. Tory has lost none of his old time fire and vigor. It was good to see him."

Rev. Wm. Berry, '16, '18 (Ph.D. Chicago), writes from the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, as follows: "We are in the process of building a new university and expect to move into it next September. Ten buildings are in course of construction at one time, and as we are to occupy a new laboratory in one of the buildings, I have had plenty to occupy my time and attention. In addition the buildings we are in are to be remodelled and used as a College for Women next year. We have a building budget of ten million dollars for the entime project. As an item of news, I may say that I was made Chairman of the Department of Psychology some time ago. I often think of old Alberta, and wish I could join once again in the Reunion at Convocation. If any old grads of Alberta come to Rochester in the course of their wanderings I should be delighted to have them call on me."

From Sarnia, Ontario, come *L. S. MacDonald's* ('15) fees. We suspect him of bridge-building, but would know more.

Alfred M. Rehwinkel, '16, '18, '19, is president of St. John's College, Winfield, Kansas, and asks for the names of alumni in that state, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Colorado. I know of only one—*W. F. Dyde*, '12, at the University of Colorado.

Vital statistics are nt usually mentioned in this column, but I am sure I express the views of all who knew *Mrs. J. R. Love* (nee *Katie McCrimmon*), '17, in extending to her husband our deepest and most sincere sympathy.

1917 to 1920

Dr. Edith Hamilton, '18, '26, writes cordially in appreciation of *The Trail* from 2702 Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee. Both words and cheque warmed our hearts!

Dr. G. F. H. Buckley, '20, is now agrostologist at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, Manitoba.

Dr. F. G. Morecombe, '19, '20, '21, pastor of Christ Congregational Church, Woodhaven, N.Y., would like to get in touch with other Albertans in that vicinity. His address is 9109 85th Road.

R. P. Miller '20, though far away, does not forget us. His cheque was enclosed in an envelope bearing the legend, "Richmond Petroleum Company of Venezuela, Apartado 33, Maracaibo, Venezuela."

Dr. Dixie Pelluet, '19, has just been appointed to the medical research department of the Rockefeller Institute, Princeton, New Jersey.

1921 to 1924

Margaret Archibald Lowrie, '22, of 130 E. 56th St., New York City, helps

along financially and mentions that all male Canadian graduates are meeting on Feb. 11th for a smoker at the Canadian Club. How many Albertans were there?

Dr. Alexander kindly phoned me the other day to say that *Daphne Koenig*, '22, is Art Director of the State Normal School at Fredonia, N.Y.

"J.T." tells me that his brother, *I. W. Jones*, '22, '24, is with the Bureau of Mines, Quebec City.

Mrs. P. Blundell (nee Mae MacEachern), '23, of Wetaskiwin, and *Ruth Balaam*, '24, of Vegreville, were up for the University opera, "The Lucky Jade," in February. *Helen Beny Gibson*, '24, reports the following alumni as in Lethbridge at present: *Olive Haw*, '25, '28; *Dorothy Stafford* '22, *Dorothy McNichol* '26, *Bert Rudd* '23, '25, *Oliver Bird*, *Lorne Good* '22, *Kathleen Terrill* '21, and *Pearl Clark Gaynor*. She also mentions that *Freda Smith Mudiman*, '26, comes to town occasinally frm Manyberries. *Silver Dowding*, '23, '24, is engaged in botanical research at the U. of Manitoba. Her address: 31 Kennedy St. Winnipeg. *Chas. D. Reid*, 'BC, 'BD, of 25 A Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass., says: "Both my wife and I appreciate the news items in *The Trail*. My work for the Ph.D. is complete, and the degree will arrive in February, if we live long enough. (Hearty congrats, Charlie!) We have come across two U. of A. people here this year—*Alan Galbraith*, '29, and *Dr. Leone McGregor*, '25." The latter alumna holds a National Research Council Fellowship at Harvard, her address being Apt. 27, 1163 Boylston St., Boston. She ranks high with the treasurer these days—he wishes that more would wipe the slate as clean! *James A. McDonald*, '24, of 196 O'Connor St., Ottawa, has a position in the Fuel Research Labs of the Department of Mines. He thoughtfully gives some addresses, amongst them that of *S. W. Stock*, '24, 40 Jameson Ave., Toronto,, and *Johnny Millen*, '24, Box 900, Trail, B.C. I learn that *A. C. Barford*, '24, M.D. (McGill), is now practising his profession at Alsask, Parkside Ave., Philadelphia) is "still in Saskatchewan. *R. M. Baker*, '24 (4216 the Quaker City—'Birthplace of American Liberty'—but we never see any U. of A. people down here." Philadelphia visitors please remedy this situation. For this note regarding *Agnes MacLeod*, '24, '27, I am indebted to *Helen Raver*, '21, who says: "She is at present taking a P.G. course in administrative nursing at Columbia. Please forward *The Trail* to her at International House, 500 Riverside Drive, New York City." *Mrs. C. A. Brine* (nee Margaret Gold), '18, '24, of 9701 111th St., Edmonton, writes that "homemaking though enormously interesting is not very conducive to flowing news items." I learn that *William Line*, '22, '26, has won his Ph.D. and is now in the department of Philosophy at the University of Toronto. Mustn't forget to mention that the irrepressible "*Jimmy*" *McMillen*, 24, dropped in soon after the New Year. In addition to holding down a responsible position with the Calgary Power Co., Jimmy gives some lectures at the Technological Institute and acts as treasurer of the Calgary Branch! *Tom Mather*, '22, '25, and *Mrs. Mather* (nee *Dorothy Smith*), '25, will be much missed around these parts. Tom is now employed by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. at Trail, B.C., in their new phosphate lab. Positively the last item under this heading is that I met *Rev. G. H. Villett*, '22 in the hall this afternoon (March 7). He tells me that he is pastor of the United Church at Pincher Creek, Alberta.

1925 to 1927

I saw *Percy Davies*, '25, '27, in town the other day from Clyde. He was looking forward keenly to the N.F.C.U.S. debate. *R. H. Cooper*, '26, is an interne at the Winnipeg General Hospital. *J. O. C. Kirby*, '26, briefly says that his letterhead (709 North West Bldg., 509 Richards St., Vancouver) gives the necessary item of news, "to which I might add that I am still unmarried, but hopeful!" *Jack Lehmann*, '25, '27, now at the University of Toronto, spent Christmas at his home on the campus.

On the front page of the Edmonton Journal appears the picture of *C. V. Jef-*

fery, '26, '27, as one of a party of five skiers attempting the journey from Jasper to Banff. (Later) The party arrived in Banff Jan. 30, having done the 220-mile journey in about 55 hours actual travelling.

D. W. Riley, '26, sends the needful and a contribution to Vital Stats. from High River, Alberta. Many thanks, D.W. *Frances Shillington*, '27, prefers the West (there are several reasons, I suspect!), and is now with the Public Library, Calgary. *Clarence W. Philp*, '27, is an Advertising Production Manager with a Toronto firm, and lives at 80A Homewood Ave. I am indebted for the information to his brother, *Donald F.*, '22, of 84 Hubbard Boulevard, Toronto. *Rev. O. W. Whieford*, '25, was down from Berwyn recently and came in for a "chin wag." He mentioned *C. C. Gerber*, '21, '26, practising law at Peace River, *Rev. J. E. Kirk* of Fairview, *Dorothy McAlpine*, '26, teaching at Berwyn, and *Egbert Wilkinson*, '27, practising dentistry at Fairview.

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Myra K. Austin, '27, who is teaching at Sunnynook, Alberta, "saw *Peggy Stanford*, '24, who is now teaching at Banff, when attending the Hanna teachers' convention. *Eugenie Butler*, '27, is occupied in the same way at Youngstown, Alberta." Thus are two lost alumna restored to the list—thanks, Miss Austin! "Someone may be interested," writes another member of class '27, "to know that my name is now *Mrs. Paul P. Phelps* (nee *Arminda McCray*), and that I have a small son, *Paul Kenneth*." The address is 12522 102nd Ave., Edmonton. *Marjorie Race* writes from 137 Walmer Road, Toronto: "I hope to be in Edmonton again soon. . . . I have been taking some P.G. work in Bacteriology and Serology in U. of Toronto and am working part time in the Connaught Lab. There are a good many former U. of A. students here this year—some at Varsity, and some working (not meaning that the former don't work!) Medical students include *Jack Gerrie*, '24, '27, and his wife (nee *Mona Tredway*), '28, *Pat Malcolmson*, '29, *Eard-* '27, and *Murdoch Nicholson*. *Bill Webley Allin*, '27, *Elliott Dunn*, *Ken Pratt*, *ber* is in Engineering. I have seen *Pete Kilburn*, '29, several times. He, *Marjorie Scanlon*, '29, and *Mae Massie*, '29, are working here. *Thelma Atkinson*, '29, *Marjorie Lundy*, *Ruth Thompson*, and *Jean Campbell*, '29, are in the city, Jean studying at the Conservatory." Many thanks for the news, Marjorie! I hope some of those you mention will perk up and send in their addresses. *The Trail* goes to them *somewhere*, but we should like to send it directly. *Bob Bedford*, '26, '28, is working for the Biological Board of Canada at Prince Rupert, B.C., on a Ph.D. project.

1928

E. W. Brunsden is editor of the "Western Farmer," Calgary, Alberta. *E. J. Cram* is continuing in Medicine, his address being 11121 85th Ave.

Dorothy Hartshorn writes from 141 Patterson Ave., Ottawa, and reports a gathering of the clans there. She also says, "*Esther Waterman* is doing Social Service Work in Vancouver, *Jack Ellis*,

'26, is with the St. Boniface Hospital in Winnipeg, and *Maimie Silverthorne*, '27, is a reference librarian at Saginaw, Michigan (509 S. Jefferson Avt.)." *W. J. Harper* can always be depended upon for news and the handy "Please find enclosed." He says: "Am still stationed at the School of Agriculture at Claresholm in the capacity of Farm Manager. . . . Last summer I saw *T. C. McBeath*, of Raymond, several times. He is with the C.M.S. of Trail as field man for their superphosphate fertilizer experiments. Other grads in the neighborhood include *J. R. (Johnny) Pierce*, '24, who is farming on his own; *Lorna Dalgleish*, '26, who is casting pearls in the local High School; *Wilf Robinson*, '26, '28, who labors (?) as agronomist here at the school." An item for the Vital Stats. column completes this generous communication. *Jack Kyle*, who is with the Westinghouse Co. in Hamilton, Ont. (791 King St. E.), was in Edmonton at Christmas time, and came in for a chat. He tells me that *Wardlaw Porteous* is taking his M.Sc. at Syracuse University (Syracuse, N.Y.), and is assisting part time in one of the laboraotries there; also that *Cliff Underwood*, '24, '25, is head of the radio testing department of the Westinghouse Co. at Hamilton (29 Hazel Ave.). At the Alberta-Manitoba debate *Bea Williams* (of the Vermilion School of Agriculture) introduced me to *Winifred Gilhooly*, who has been giving a series of "leadership" lectures in Edmonton. She is Secretary of the Girls' Work Board for the province and her home address is 310 14th St. N.W., Calgary.

W. C. Whiteside writes from New York as follows: "I am waiting until the boat sails for jolly old England. I finished my house-surgeon's position at the Moses Taylor and am spending a year in London and on the continent before returning west. *Don Currie*, '25, '28, is resident at the Jamaica hospital here, and *George Bradley* is on the resident staff of Fifth Ave. Hospital here. *Michael Buriak* practises in Toronto, and *Jimmy Campbell*, '29, is doing P.G. work here in New York." (Should like addresses for the latter two.—Sec.) Dr. Whiteside's home address is 2538 Quadra St., Victoria, B.C. *Mary T. Hunt*, now of the Collegiate Institute Staff, Yorkton, Sask., says: "Three of us here now—*Agnes MacFarlane*, '23, *Don McRae*, '24, and myself—almost enough to start a branch!" Some further news regarding one of this trio is contained in a note from *P. D. Clarke*, '24, of Ostlund and Clarke, Lethbridge. Here it is: "For your information may I state that *D. M. McRae, Law* '24, sent out Christmas cards signed 'Mr. and Mrs. D. M. McRae.' This indicates a drastic change since Christmas 1928." From Waterhole, Alberta, comes this news item, written by *Kathleen Burgess* (the 1928 one!): "I am teaching school near Waterhole in the Peace River country. There are no other graduates in this district, but over near Grande Prairie *Evelyn MacLennan*, '28, and *Helen Saunders*, '29, are teaching High School—the former at Beaverlodge and the latter at Grande Prairie." I ran into *W. B. Brushett*, '28, at the theatre one evening and learned that he is now teaching at Hillcrest, Alberta.

1929

In a letter to "The Gateway," Matt Halton, Rhodes Scholar, reports that he is enjoying his work in economics at the University of London. The address is King's College, Strand, London, W.C. 2, England.

J. A. McPherson is in the Department of Physics, University of Toronto. His address, 22 Willcocks St., Toronto. *Edward F. Hunter* is now accountant for the Great West Saddlery Co., Edmonton. *J. A. McKay* and *E. J. Kibblewhite* are pursuing post-graduate work at the University and are lecturing in Mathematics in their spare time! *John E. McIntyre* is also P.G., but in Classics and at the University of Edinburgh. His address is 11 Inverleith Place. *T. D. Stanley*, who is continuing in Applied Science, has shown me a most interesting picture of a scene in a hockey game between Munich (0) and Oxford (4), which shows the Oxford goal, and in the foreground, two of our Rhodes Scholars, *Ronald Martland*,

'26, '28, and *George Stanley*, '29. Behind them was *Mr. Wallace*, who lectured in Classics here last session. Returning to Alberta I note in closing that Mr. S. Sugden is teaching at Carrot Creek, Alberta, and has lost no time in coming into good standing.

And so to press! Fraternally yours, G.B.T.

P.S.—A few new addresses:

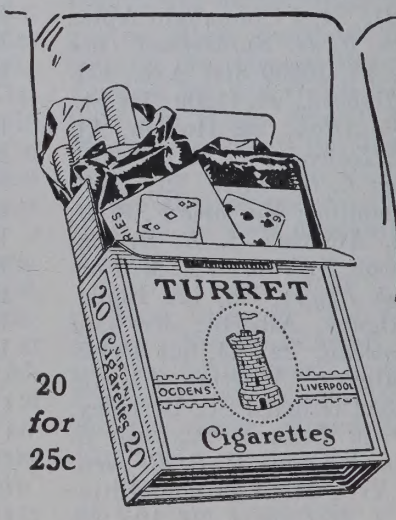
Florence Borden, '27, c|o Mrs. Holmes, Camrose, Alberta; *Mrs. G. R. Barnes* (nee *Beulah McIntyre*, '23, 11327 99th Ave., Edmonton; *H. E. Balfour*, '24, Grande Prairie, Alberta; *J. E. Buchanan*, Wetaskiwin, Alberta; *Mrs. J. M. Forbes*, 10547 125th St., Edmonton; *L. R. Mattern*, '14, 20, 40 Lemarchand Mansions, Edmonton; *G. L. Parney*, '21, '24, 4 Connaught Apts., Edmonton; *Mrs. F. G. Sutherland* (nee *Wilma Cooney*, '27, 10959 81st Ave., Edmonton; *H. E. Dobson*, '24, 11209 71st St., Edmonton; *Don Allan*, '23, Holden, Alberta; *M. J. V. Downey*, '28, 11043 90th Ave., Edmonton; *L. G. Dafoe*, '21, 13417 102nd Ave., Edmonton; *Marjorie F. Weir*, '27, Forestburg, Alberta; *C. B. Brown*, '27, Clark's Harbor, N.S.; *Mrs. A. M. Forune* (nee *Norah Begg*), '28, 722 Boulevard N.W., Calgary, Alberta; *Mr. and Mrs. H. LeBourveau*, '22, '24, 306 President Apts., Calgary, Alberta; *Elmslie Gardiner*, '22, 2352 Hilgard St., Berkeley, Calif.; *Susan I. McLennan*, '22, 2040 E. 96th St., Cleveland, Ohio; *R. B. Bryden*, '22, 613 Royce Ave., Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *D. A. McCannel*, '24, 128 9th Ave. N.W., Calgary; *Lillian Husband*, '21, 9844 85th Ave., Edmonton; *Mr. and Mrs. F. Hollinshead*, '24, 625 12th Ave. N.E., Calgary; "*Nick*" *Melnyk*, '29, Cadomin, *Alberta; F. A. Rudd*, '23, '25, 313 12th St. S., Lethbridge, Alberta; *Peter Kilburn*, '29, Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto, Ont.; *Margaret Bennett*, '23, Big Valley, Alberta; *G. T. Walters*, '25, Rhodesian Anglo-American, Ltd., P.O. Box 49, Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia, S. Africa. *J. P. Ficht*, '24, '26, 11636 97th St., Edmonton; *Helen J. Hotson*, '20, Monitor, Alberta; *Dr. W. F. Gillespie*, '14, '21, 10748 127th St., Edmonton; *Mrs. R. Kay* nee *Evelyn Cook*Q, '21, 11106 84th Ave., Edmonton; *M. L. Gale* '27, 10748 126th St., Edmonton; *C. S. Sansbury*, '26, 10928 University Ave., Edmonton.

LOST

The addresses of the following alumni. Help to keep the ranks by advising the Secretary of any you may happen to know!

Addison, Frank W., '24.
Alfred, Victor, '22.
Allen, Miss E. V., '18.
Appleton, H., '14.
Atkin, G. D., '22.
Atkinson, Miss Grace, '26.
Atkinson, Nelles H., '22.
Bailey, Kenneth L., '20.
Baker, Morris, '25.
Barclay, Miss Elsie, '26.
Barnecut, Reg., ?'23.
Barr, Rev. A., '17.
Beach, J. E., '25.
Bell, N. F., '19.
Bendle, Mrs. F. J. (nee Beatrice Duke), '21.
Berkov, A. (B.Sc.), '15.
Berman, David, '21.
Bickell, Miss J. C., '24.
Bird, Harry, '15.
Bloor, W. G. K., '25, '27.
Boyd, J., '21.
Brown, Thomas (B.S.A.), '18.
Bures, Anton J., '24.
Burstein, J., '27.
Calhoun, W. C., '27.
Campbell, E. A. (M.D.), '26.
Campbell, J. A. (M.D.), '29.
Cameron, G. J. (M.D.), '29.
Carlisle, J. A. (Pharm.), '27.
Chrisof, N. (LL.B.), '24.
Clermont, Miss E. M., '25.
Colter, R. K., '20.
Cooper, R. H., '26.
Davidson, Walter, 13.
Davies, C. E. (M.D.), '27.
Davies, J. H., (LL.B.), '22.
Donaldson, Arthur, '22.
Dowding, Miss Silver, '23, '24.
Downing, Percy, '25.
Driscoll, John R., '25.
Edwards, Wm. H., '26.
Edwards, Cedric, '23.
Erdman, Miss N., '17.
Etheridge, Fred, '25.
Eubank, Miss M., '25.
Evans, R. W., '22.
Evans, Mrs. J. (nee Helena Kerr), '22.
Ferguson, F. H. (B.Sc.), '26.
Ferguson, Miss Lola, '22.

—and lastly, get the real college spirit, smoke Turrets, and show you belong to the best by smoking the best.



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BIRTHS

MUDIMAN—At Lethbridge, Alberta, on Feb. 4th, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Mudiman (nee Freda Smith, '26), a daughter, Eugenie Irene.

ROSEDALE—At Edmonton, on July 27, 1929, to Mr. and Mrs. Rosedale, a daughter, Virginia Lorraine.

McDONALD—At Calgary, July 25, 1929, to W. S. McDonald (B.Sc. '15) and Mrs. McDonald (Gladys Griffith, Arts '14), a daughter, Helen Christene.

SCOTT—At Barrhead, Alberta, on Tuesday, March 4, 1930, to Mr. Norman Scott, '24, and Mrs. Scott, a daughter, Margaret Jeanette.

WILKINSON—At Fairview, Alberta, to Dr. and Mrs. Egbert Wilkinson, on December 24, 1929, a son, Robert Francis.

BLAIR—At Pointe-a-Pierre, Trinidad, B.W.I., to Mr. ('24) and Mrs. S. M. Blair, on August 13, 1929, a son, Sidney Robert.

MARRIAGES

MOUSER—SALMON—At Claresholm, Alberta, on January 1st, 1930, Jessie Irene Salmon, '29, to D. A. Mouser. Mr. and Mrs. Mouser have made their home in Claresholm.

MILLARD—HICKS—At Redcliff, Alberta, on Wednesday, Aug. 28, 1929, Glendora Mae Hicks, to Macdonald Millard, LL.B. '24. Mr. and Mrs. Millard have made their home at Castor, Alberta.

DEAN—STAFFORD—At Lethbridge, Alberta, on Saturday, November 9th, 1929, Margaret Stafford, '29, to William Dean.

HUGHES—BECKER—At Medicine Hat, Alberta, on Wednesday, August 21st, 1929, Ruth Mara Becker, B.Sc. '25, to John Leonard Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes have made their home at Medicine Hat.

SANDERSON—JUDD—At Lethbridge, Alberta, January 1st, 1930, Miss Judd to J. O. G. (Pete) Sanderson, B.Sc. '22, Ph.D.

HENDERSON—McGEE—At Medicine Hat, Alberta, on September 12th, 1929, Helen McGee to Russel D. Henderson, B.A., LL.B. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson have made their home at Irvine, Alberta.

DAVIS—ANDREWS—At Regina, Sask., on Monday, Aug. 12th, 1929, Elizabeth Ellory Andrews, B.Sc. '24, to Edward Newton Davis, B.A. '23. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have made their home at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

KERR—ANDERSON—At Magrath, Alberta, on July 17th, 1929, Anna Christine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Anderson, of Magrath, to Clarence Walter, '26, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kerr, of Cheadle, Alberta. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have made their home at Nobleford, Alberta.

FORTUNE—BEGG—At Calgary, on December 26th, 1929, Norah Martha Golding Begg, '28, to Arthur Macdonald Fortune.

MACLEAN—CALDWELL—At Edmonton, on Jan. 1st, 1930, Jean Caldwell, '29, to Hector Maclean, '28. Dr. and Mrs. Maclean have made their home in Lamont, Alberta.

SUGDEN—KNIPPENDORF — At Edmonton, on Feb. 14, 1930, Mrs. Augusta Knippendorf to Mr. Samuel Sugden, '29. Mr. and Mrs. Sugden have made their home at Carrot Creek, Alberta.

RUSH—ALEXANDER—At Calgary, on Wednesday Frances Elizabeth Alexander, N.N. '27, to Raymond Dowsdell Rush, B.A. '25, M.D. '29.

MARTIN—BROUGH—At Proso, Utah, on Dec. 27th, 1929, Iris Loraine, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Brough, to William McKinley Martin, '24, '26. Dr. and Mrs. Martin will be at home at 516 South Sixth Ave., Bozenman, Montana.

DEATHS

LOVE—At Edmonton, March 7, 1930, Katie McCrommon Love, '17.

CAIN—At Mannville, Alberta, January 1, 1930, Ruby Utah Cain, Arts '19.

Fetter, R. E., '22.
Fisher, Harry, '23.
Flack, Charles, '25.
Fountain, T. H., '28.
Francis, A. C. (B.A.), '22.
Fribance, Mrs. H. (nee Edna Carmichael), '16.
Fulton, J. B., '18.
Gaetz, H. R. (Pharm.), '21.
Gale, H. L. (LL.B.), '25.
Ganfield, Mrs. O. (nee Bea Timmins), '24.
Garrison, Miss D., '22.
Gazley, Miss B., '27.
Gilbert, Verner, '17.
Geeson, Rev. John, '16, '20, '22.
Genereux, A. G., '26.
Gish, W. K., '25, '26.
Glenn, John, '14, M.D. '25.
Gratz, Miss Alice, '26.
Gray, Francis, '21.
Hamilton, Rev. George, '20.
Hall, Miss Mildred, '21.

(To be continued)

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